Sung by
MR JOHN Mc CORMACK

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

SONG

LYRIC BY

LIEUT. COL. JOHN Mc CRAE

MUSIC BY

FRANK E. TOURS

Composer of
"BEYOND THE SUNSET" "NO VOICE BUT YOURS" "THE LITTLEST OF ALL" "MOTHER O' MINE."

NET

Price 60¢ net

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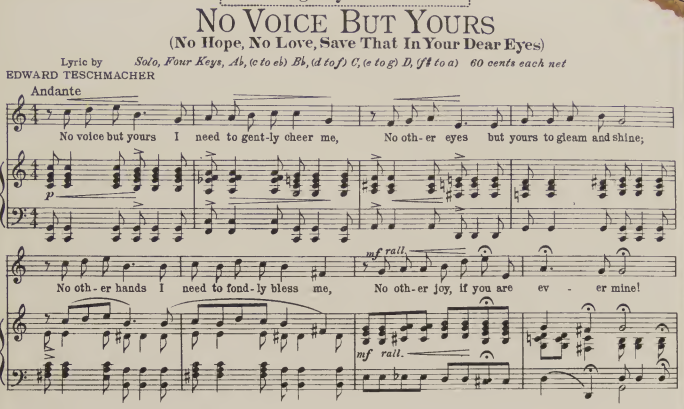
No Voice But Yours

(No Hope, No Love, Save That In Your Dear Eyes)

Lyric by
EDWARD TESCHMACHER

Solo, Four Keys, Ab, (c to eb) Bb, (d to f) C, (e to g) D, (f# to a) 60 cents each net


Andante
No voice but yours I need to gent-ly cheer me, No oth-er eyes but yours to gleam and shine;
p
mf rall.
No oth-er hands I need to fond-ly bless me, No oth-er joy, if you are ev - er mine!
mf rall.

Beyond The Sunset

(And God Is Overhead)

Published as follows

Solo, Four Keys, C Minor (bb to d) D Minor (e to e) E Minor (d to f#) G Minor (f to a) 60 cents each net
Duet, Two Keys, D Minor Contralto or Baritone (lead) and Soprano or Tenor
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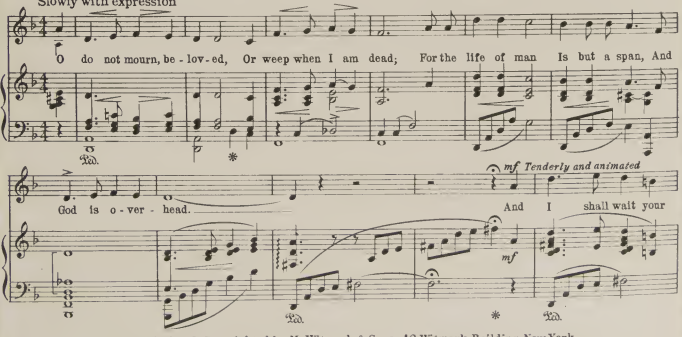
Slowly with expression
O do not mourn, be-lov-ed, Or weep when I am dead; For the life of man Is but a span, And
mf Tenderly and animated
God is o-ver-head. And I shall wait your
mf

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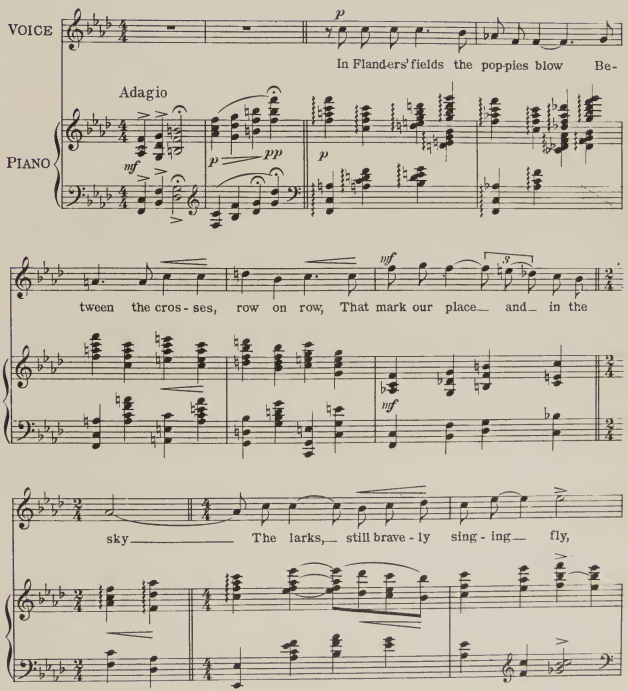
In Flanders' Fields

Lyric by
Lieut-Col. JOHN Mc CRAE

Music by
FRANK E. TOURS


VOICE
PIANO
Adagio
In Flanders' fields the pop-pies blow Be-
tween the cros - ses, row on row, That mark our place and in the
sky The larks, still brave - ly sing - ing fly,

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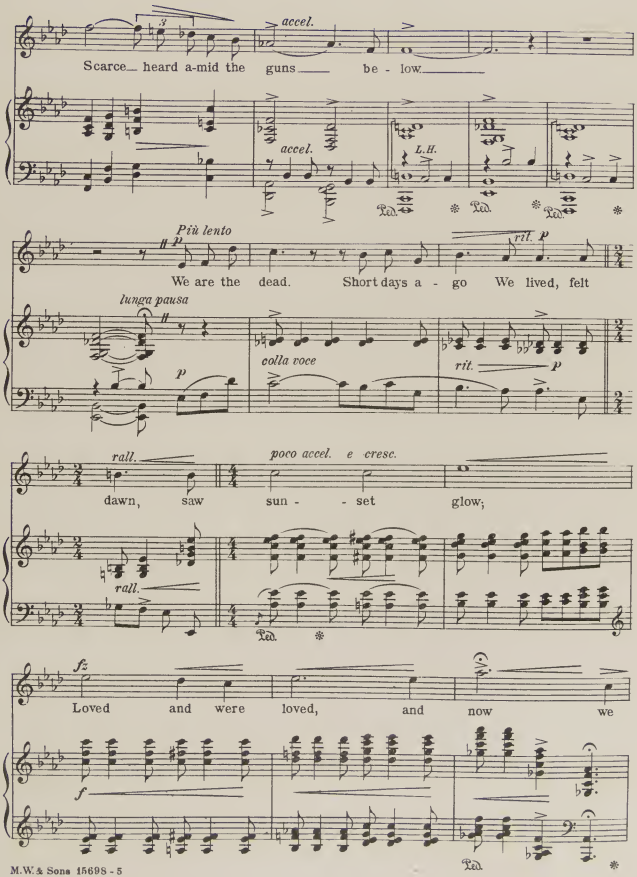
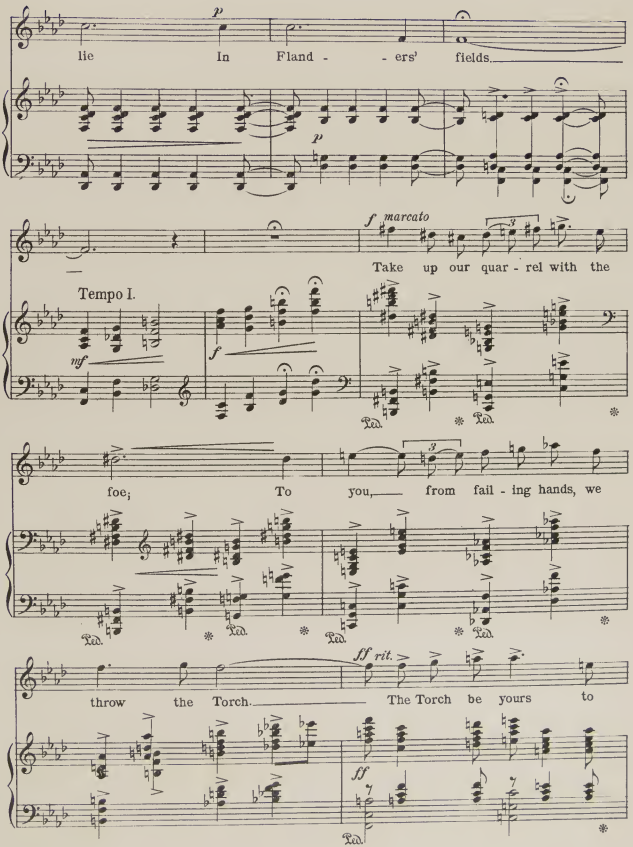
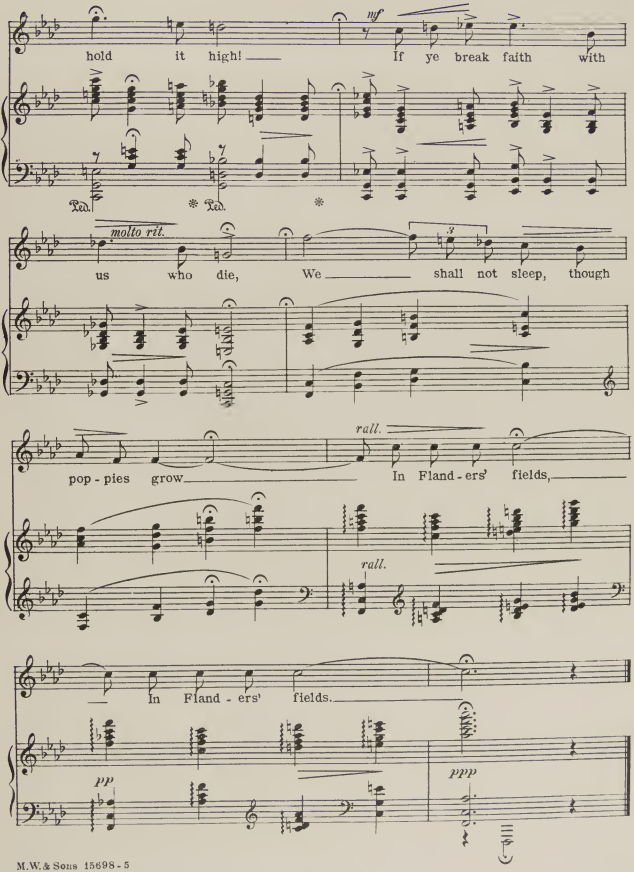

accel.
Scarce heard a-mid the guns be - low
accel.
L.H.
Più lento
rit.
We are the dead. Short days a - go We lived, felt
lunga pausa
colla voce
rit.
rall.
poco accel. e cresc.
dawn, saw sun - - set glow;
rall.
fz
Loved and were loved, and now we


p
lie In Fland - - ers' fields.
p
f marcato
Take up our quar - rel with the
Tempo I.
mf
f
foe; To you, from fail - ing hands, we
ff rit.
throw the Torch. The Torch be yours to
ff


hold it high!
If ye break faith with
us who die,
We shall not sleep, though
pop - pies grow
In Fland - ers' fields,
In Fland - ers' fields.

Two Songs by Frank E. Tours

THE LITTLEST OF ALL

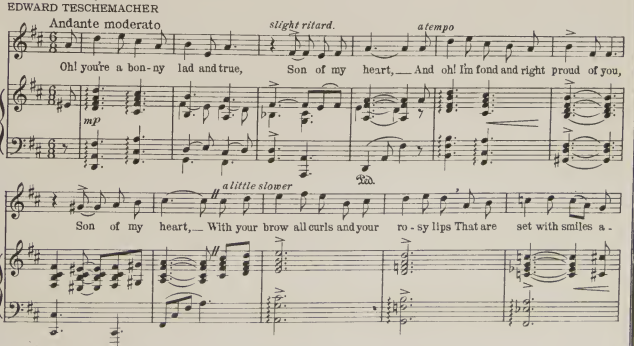
Lyric by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Solo, Two Keys, F, (c to e) Ab, (eb to g) 60 cents each net

SON OF MY HEART

Lyric by
EDWARD TESCHEMACHER

Solo Two Keys, C, (d to f) D, (e to g) 60 cents each net


Andante moderato
slight ritard.
a tempo
Oh! you're a bon-ny lad and true, Son of my heart, And oh! I'm fond and right proud of you,
mp
a little slower
Son of my heart, With your brow all curls and your ro-sy lips That are set with smiles a-

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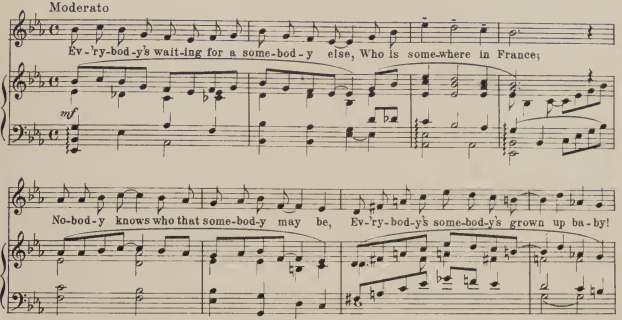
Two Songs by B.C. Hilliam

Everybody's Waiting For A Somebody Else

Solo, in E♭ (d to eb) 60 cents


Moderato
Ev-'ry-bod-y's wait-ing for a some-bod-y else, Who is some-where in France;
mf
No-bod-y knows who that some-bod-y may be, Ev-'ry-bod-y's some-bod-y's grown up ba-by!

Après La Guerre!

(After The War!)

Solo, B♭ (b♭ to d) 60 cents

Moderato
Ap-rès la guerre! There'll be a good time ev-'ry - where! Beam-ing moth-ers,
mf
smil-ing misses, Just a world of love and kiss-es. Af-ter the war We shall be

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